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prices.

Sixteen Years' Experience
in handling
Spectacles,
and a study of the business in
general way has enabled me to fit
those whose sight was failing be-
cause of advancing age (Presbyopia)
and those who were nearsighted
(Myopia), but where no genuine or
any peculiarity of the sight existed I
was obliged to refer the customer to
a city oculist. Not satisfied to do a
business that I could not do properly,
I determined to study Refraction. I
secured the best works on that sub-
ject, "Hartnagel on Refraction," by
Gustavus Hartnagel, F. R. C. S., a
well recognized authority on Optics
and Refraction, and these I studied
well. I also attended lectures at the
New York Optical School last fall,
and bought the best quality testing
case and outfit at \$100, and feel just-
ified in making the announcement that
I am now ready to prescribe for
and correct the vision of almost any
and all conditions of the eye where
glasses are needed. The liberal pa-
tronage extended to me during the
sixteen years I have been in business
here encourages me to enter this new
field in connection with my regular
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will be glad to know that they can get
PROPERLY FITTED GLASSES
without the trouble and expense of
going to the city. No charges at
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including the novelties of the season, also a full line of Jewelry.

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I have some special bargains for Men's, Boys and Children suits,
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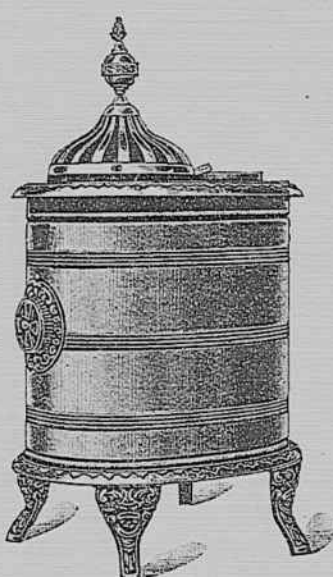
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with casted rods, improved slid-
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walls, as wood stoves usually
do.

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making it suitable for the finest
parlor.

Bought for cash direct from
Manufacturers, enabling us to
sell at the lowest figures.

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finest wood stoves on the market,
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And all kinds of
Building Material.

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THE "FLYING ROLL."

REV. DR. TALMAGE AND THE RE-
LIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS' MISSION.

The "Flying Roll" Zechariah saw and the
Modern "Flying Roll"—Journalists
Drop Benedictions Upon the Nation—De-
nominational Differences.
[Copyright, 1897, by American Press Asso-
ciation.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—In a previ-
ous discourse Dr. Talmage, having
shown the opportunities of the secular
press, in this discourse speaks of the
mission of the religious newspapers. His
text is, "Then I turned and lifted up
mine eyes and looked, and behold a fly-
ing roll" (Zechariah v. 1).

In a dream the prophet saw some-
thing rolled up advancing through the
heavens. It contained a divine message.
It moved swiftly, as on wings. It had
much to do with the destiny of nations.
But if you will look up you will see
many flying rolls. They come with
great speed and great consequence for
all the earth. The flying rolls of this
century are the newspapers. They carry
messages human and divine. They will
decide the destiny of the hemispheres.

There are in the United States about
20,000 newspapers. The religious news-
paper of which I am the editor was
born 19 years ago, but born again 7
years ago. In this brief time it has
grown to about 200,000 circulation,
and by the ordinary rule of calculating
the readers of a paper, it has about
1,000,000 readers. Our country for all
its size is blessed with many religious journals,
edited by consecrated men, while their
contributors were the ablest and best of
all professions and occupations. Some
of those journals for half a century have
been dropping their benedictions upon
the nation, and they live on and will
continue to live on until there will be
no more use for their mission, the world
itself having become a flying roll on
the tempests of the last day, going out
for such agencies when the world
ceases, because in the spiritual state we
shall have such velocity that we can
gather for ourselves all the news of
heaven, or seeing some world in con-
flagration, may go ourselves in an in-
stant to examine personally the scene
of disaster.

All Religions in One Army.
Was there room for another religious
journal in this land, already favored
with the highest style of religious jour-
nalism? Oh, yes! If undenominational,
plethora of them! Nothing can ever take
the place of the undenominational news-
paper. When the millennium comes in,
it will find as many denominations as there
are now. People according to their
temperaments will always prefer this
or that form of church government, this
or that style of worship. You might
as well ask us all to live in one
house as to ask us all to worship in one
denomination or to abolish the regiments
of an army in order to make them one
great host.

Each denomination must have its own
journal, set apart especially to present
the charities, explain the work and for-
ward the interests of that particular
sect. The death of one denominational
journal is a calamity to all the other de-
nominations. I would almost feel that a
great misfortune had happened me if
The Christian Intelligencer of the Re-
formed church (my mother church) did
not come to my house every week, for I
was brought up in it, and it has become
a household necessity. Such a denomi-
national journal had better be edited by
some one who, rocked in the cradle of
that church and ordained at her altars,
having become venerable in her services,
sits speckled and wise and with heart
full of sacred memories addresses the
living of today. In the most sacred crypt
of our memory stands the statue of the
religious editors Abel Stevens and
Joshua Leavitt, and the royal family of
the Primes—Ingersoll and Eschscholtz—
while others linger on the banks of the
Jordan, where they will not have long
to wait for Elijah's chariot, and when
they go up, if we still be sitting at our
editorial desks, we will cry out in the
memorable words, "My father, my fa-
ther, the chariot of Israel and the horse-
men thereof!"

But, then, there are great movements
in which all denominations wish to join,
and we want more undenominational
newspapers to marshal and advance
and inspire such movements. Yet such jour-
nals have a difficult task, because all
Christian men, if they are behaved
well in their denominations, for some
reason preferred the one of their natural
and spiritual unity, and even looking
up the general field and attempting
wider work will be apt to look at
things through denominational prefer-
ence and to treat them with a denomi-
national twist.

In the issuing of the religious jour-
nal whose seventh anniversary I pre-
sented, difficulty has been met and over-
come by the fact that its publisher is a
Methodist, and in its editorial rooms
there is a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian
and a Congregationalist, and a line
of denominational prejudice in editorial
or denominational column would run
against immediate protest. Against John
Wesley's free grace or Calvin's eternal de-
crees or Bishop Melville's canonicity or
Dr. Dowling's Baptists from year's
end to year's end not a word is written
or printed. On all these subjects we
have convictions, but the place to state
them is not the place to state them.
He who tells all he knows and
presses all he thinks on all occasions
and in all places without reference to
the proprieties is a boor or a crank
and of no practical service either to
church or state.

Complete Unity.
Undenominational journalism is ab-
solutely necessary to demonstrate the
unity of the Christian world. Wide
and desperate attempt is made to show
that the religion of Jesus Christ is only
a battleground of sects, and the cry
has been: "If you want us to accept
your religion, agree, gentlemen, as to
what the Christian religion really is."
This denomination says a few drops of
water dripping from the end of the fin-
gers is baptism, and another demands
the submergence of the entire body.
This one prays with book, and that one
makes extemporaneous utterance. The
editor of one delivers his sermon in a
gown, while the backward preacher of
another addresses the people in his
shirt sleeves. Some of your denomina-
tions have the majestic dominion in
the service and others spontaneity.

Some of you think that from all eter-
nity some were predestinated to be saved,
and that from all eternity others were
doomed." Now, it is the business of
Young Men's Christian associations and
tract societies and Sunday school unions
and pronounced undenominational jour-
nals to show the falsity of the charge
that we are fighting among ourselves by
our platform, or innaming the people
of one sect against the people of another
sect, or of one denomination against
another denomination of Christendom from
one style of religious printing press.

Unity! Complete unity! Never was
any other army on earth so thoroughly
united under one flag and inspired by
one sentiment and led by one command-
er as is the church militant. Christ
commands all the troops of all denomina-
tions of Christians, and they are going
to shout together in the final vic-
tory when the whole world is redeemed.

But we have in all our denominations
got tired of trying to make other people
think as we do on all points. The heres-
y hunters in all denominations are
nearly all dead, thank God, and we are
learning that when men get wrong in
their faith instead of martyrizing them
by arraignment we do better to wait for
the natural roll of years to remove
them. Men die, but the truth lives on.
We may not all agree as to the number
of teeth in the jawbone with which
Satan slew the Philistines, or agree
as to what was the exact color of the
foxes which he set on fire to burn up
the corn shocks, but on the vitals of re-
ligion we all agree.

If we could call into one great con-
vention the 645,566 Episcopalians, the
1,420,905 Lutherans, the 1,460,346
Presbyterians, the 4,153,557 Baptists,
the 5,633,289 Methodists, putting into
them the following questions, we would
get unanimous answer in the affirmative:
Do you believe in a God, good,
loving, omnipotent? Do you believe
in Jesus Christ as a Saviour? Do you
believe in the convicting, converting
and sanctifying power of the Holy
Ghost? Do you believe that the gospel
is going to conquer all nations? If you
should put these questions to those assem-
bled millions on millions, while there
would not be a solitary negative, there
would be an awe, awe, awe! loud enough
to make the foundations of the earth
tremble and the arches of the heavens
ring. Let there be platforms, let there
be great occasions, let there be
undenominational printing presses to
thunder forth the unity of all Christen-
dom. One Lord. One faith. One bap-
tism. One God and Father. One Jesus
Christ. One cross. One heaven.

Liberty Against All Oppression.
So also there is room for a religious
journal that stands for liberty as
against all oppression. No authority,
political or ecclesiastical, must be per-
mitted to make us believe this or that.
Liberty of the Armenian to worship
God independent of the Turkish gov-
ernment. Liberty of Cuba as against
Spanish domination. Liberty of Hawaii
as against all monarchical authority
which it has thrown off. Civil liberty.
Political liberty. Religious liberty.

The religious journal on whose sev-
enth anniversary I preach has had for
its owner and publisher one who in his
ancestry experienced just the opposite.
His father, an exile from his native
land because of his opinions, his property
confiscated, his life imperiled,
landed on American soil bereft of ev-
erything that foreign oppression could
rob him of. Naturally his son knows
right well how to appreciate liberty.
The most of us are descended from
those who imperiled all to gain their
natural and religious rights. Let the
type and the printing presses and the
editorial chairs be overthrown which
dare to surrender to any attempt again
to put on the shackles. The movement
has started for the demolition of all the
tyrannies of church and state. Reli-
gious newspapers must stand shoulder
to shoulder in this mighty march for
God and the world's rescue.

Again on this seventh anniversary I
say there is room for a religious paper
charged with old fashioned evangelism.
Other styles of religious newspaper
may do for advertising purposes, or for
the presentation of able essays on elab-
orate themes, but if this world is ever
brought to God it will be through un-
qualified, unadulterated, unmix-
ed, unmistakable evangelism. It was aston-
ishing that the Lord himself should have
gone back to his great bereavement, sub-
stituting the loss of his only Son, that
Son stepping off the doorkill of heaven
into a darkness and an abyss that no
plummet has ever yet been able to fath-
om, and through that funeral of the
heavens life is offered to our world, but
how to get the tidings to all people,
and in such an attractive way that they
will take hold of them is the absorbing
question. The human voice can travel
only a few feet away, and the word
wants something to carry it, and wider
and wider it beats all seas, all journals,
and as the secular press must neces-
sarily give itself chiefly to secular
affairs let the religious newspaper give
itself to the present and everlasting sal-
vation of all who can read, or if not
able to read, have ears to hear other
deeper, grander, than that offered to
newspaper evangelism, name it and
guide us to it, that we may see its al-
tars, its pillars, its domes, its influence.

The Tender Christian Heart.
Again, on this seventh anniversary of
The Christian Herald I notice there is
room for a religious paper thoroughly
humanitarian. The simple truth is the
mission of the human race have not
enough to get or wear. The ma-
jority of the human race are in trou-
ble. How to multiply leaves of bread
to increase the fuel and heal the
wounds and shelter the homeless are
questions that Christ met equally as
soon as he did spiritual necessities. The
first heart to respond to the cry of suf-
ferers from drought or flood or earth-
quake or cruelty should be the Christian
heart. Therefore let the pages of reli-
gious journalism spread out the story of
all such woes and collect relief and dis-
burse all around our suffering
world. Religious journalism ought to
be the aqueduct through which the
Christian charities of the world should
pour until there is no more hunger to
be fed and no more nakedness to be
clothed and no more suffering to as-
suage. In trying to do that practical
thing the religious paper whose anniv-
ersary I celebrate has during the past
seven years raised and distributed over
\$400,000 for the relief of physical dis-
tresses.

Again, on this seventh anniversary of

a religious publication I notice that
there is an especial mission for a reli-
gious journal truthfully optimistic. The
most optimistic book I know of is the
Bible, and its most impressive authors
were all optimists—David an optimist,
Paul an optimist, St. John an optimist,
and the Lord an optimist. I cannot
look upon a desert but I am by the old
book reminded that it will "blossom
like as the rose." I cannot in a menag-
erie look upon a lion and a leopard but
I am reminded that "A little child shall
lead them." I cannot see a collection of
gens in a jeweler's window without
thinking of heaven and abaze and
incarnated and encircled with all
manner of precious stones. I cannot hear
a trumpet blast I think of that one which
shall wake the dead. All the ages of
time, bounded on one side by the pa-
radise in which Adam and Eve walked
and on the other side by the paradise
which St. John saw in apocalyptic
vision.

The Scriptures optimistic and their
authors optimistic, all religious news-
papers ought to be optimistic. Not only
should all ministers and all religious
editors have their heart right, but their
liver right. The world has enough trou-
ple of its own without giving them an
extra dose in the shape of religion.
This world is going to be saved, and if
you do not believe it you are an infidel.
None of us wants to get on board a
train which is about to reach the depot
is surely going down the embankment.
All aboard for the millennium!
For the most part in a religious journal
let the editorials be cheerful and the
pictures cheerful. If in one column
there be a ghastly wooden of the
stricken in India, in the next col-
umn have a list of contributions for al-
leviation of the suffering or a picture of
a ship carrying breadstuffs. If in one
column there be the death of an old
minister of the gospel whom we cannot
spare, in the next put the name of some
young Elisha who can wear the mantle
of Elijah.

More and More Sunshine.
If some evil of society is depicted in
one column, in the next show the gos-
pel machinery that is to drive it back
into the perdition from which it ascended.
More and more sunshine let there
be in religious journalism. Publish in
more sermons on texts like "Oh, give
thanks unto the Lord, for he is good,"
and fewer on texts like, "Out of the
depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O
Lord." If any one has anything gloomy
to say, let him say it to himself. If he
must write it, let him not send it to
editorial rooms, but put it in the pigeon-
hole of his own desk for his heirs and
assigns to read it further on, for prob-
ably they can stand it better than we.
I once gave \$7 to Henry Lind sing-
ing, I never will give a cent to Henry
Lind singing. Up with the blinds and
throw back the shutters and let the morn-
ing light come in. There is not so much
religion in the dampness of a cellar as in
the breath of an apple orchard in bloss-
om week. What a victory David got
over himself when he closed the Psalms
with six chapters of "Praise ye the
Lord," saying it over and over again,
until, in any other book, it would have
become monotonous. If in our diaries
and our family records and our religious
newspapers we would write two honest
catalogues, the one a catalogue of bless-
ings and the other a catalogue of trou-
bles, the former would be five times
larger than the latter.

Pray for the religious newspapers of
America, because of the fact that, if
they have the right spirit, each one does
as much good as 50 or 100 churches.
What are the 500 or 5,000 people mak-
ing up a Sabbath audience compared
with the 10,000 or 50,000 or 200,000
which the religious journal addresses?
Such religious papers are pulpits that
preach day and night. They reach weekly
those who, through invalidism or through
indifference, never enter churches. They
reach people in their quietude, when
their attention is not distracted, as in
church, by the fine millinery that ap-
peals to the eye or the rustle of attire
that attracts the ear. It will always be
our duty and our privilege not to for-
sake the assembling of ourselves to-
gether, but I believe the consecrated
printing press is the chief agency under
God to save the world.

Pens Dipped in Vindicta.
Pray also for the religious newspapers
of America, that they may resist the
temptation to become acerb, harsh and
saturnine of those who think difference
from themselves. In all denomina-
tions there are disappointed people who
put mean things in religious newspapers
about ministers and other prominent
Christian workers. Unsuccessful men
and women never like successful men
and women. There are editors and re-
porters who, instead of writing with
ink, dip their pens in oil of vitriol or
lampblack. When a religious news-
paper is so vitiated, it is no longer a
newspaper, but a catalogue of calumny.
As Adam Clarke, the commentator, said,
"Some people serve the Lord as though the devil
were in them." That only is a helpful news-
paper which, as we fold it up after read-
ing, leaves us in a mood to pray for all
men and in a spirit that wishes prosper-
ity for all Christian workers, whether
they work our way or some other way,
and we feel as though the angel, flying
through the midst of heaven, having
taken the dead letter postage, had
with the flapping of his wing stirred
the air on our cheek and forehead.

Pray also for religious journalism,
that it may be alert—not abreast of the
times, but ahead of the times. In this
day, when by cablegram we seem to get
from Europe news five hours before it
starts, we do not want in our religious
columns information scissored out of an
old newspaper or information sent by
means of a letter which comes to us
through the dead letter postage, because
it was misdirected, nor do we want
it to take the pace of religious
journalism as it was in 1815, when Na-
thanial Wilson started his religious pa-
per called The Recorder, or when The
Watchman was born in 1819, or when
The Christian Register made its first
appearance in 1821. The canalboat
drawn by mules on a towpath did not
in its time, but now we prefer the ves-
sels which limited express. Because a
thing is slow it need not therefore be
bad. The printing press may beat the
Argus of mythology, for that fabulous
being had only 100 eyes, while the
newspaper has 1,000 eyes and 1,000
ears and 1,000 arms. The secular news-
paper gives the secular news and does
not pretend to give its religious mean-
ing. The religious press ought to put
all the events of the day in conamies.

regiments and brigades and show us in
what direction that divinely disciplined
host is marching and let us know what
victories for God and righteousness they
will win. The Christianized printing
press is to do in our time on a large
scale what the battering ram did in old-
en time on a smaller scale. That old
war machine was a stout timber, hung
by chains to a beam supported by posts,
and many men would lay hold of the
stout timber and swing it backward and
forward until, getting under full mo-
mentum, it would strike into awful
demolition the wall besieged. God grant
that all of us who have anything to do
with the mighty battering ram of our
century, the printing press, may be
clothed of God with especial strength
and oneness of purpose and that, having
pulled it back for one mighty assault,
we may altogether rush it forward,
crushing into everlasting ruin the last
wall of opposition and the last fortress
of iniquity!

The Inkhorn at Judgment.

And now let all of us who are con-
nected with either secular or religious
journalism remember that we will be
called into final account for every word
we write in editorial or reportorial or
contributory columns—for every type
we set, for every press we move, and
for the style of secular or religious
newspaper we patronize or encourage.
In Ezekiel's prophecy the angel of God,
supposed to be Christ, appears with an
inkhorn hung at his side as an attor-
ney's clerk in olden time had an ink-
horn at his side. And I have no doubt
the inkhorn will have an important
part in the day of judgment—those who
have used it well to receive eternal
plaudits and those who have misused it
to receive condemnation.

Piled up in all the world's printing
offices, secular and religious, are the
publications of past years, bound up
year by year, and in those offices they
can tell just what they printed any
day for the last 20 years, and in the
great day of judgment all that we have
ever written or printed will be revealed
from the mighty volumes of eternity.
All those who have ruthlessly pried in-
to the secret of unhappy domestic life
and despoiled homes, come to judg-
ment. All those who have by the pen
assassinated character, come to judg-
ment. All those who have had anything
to do with salacious and depraved liter-
ature, come to judgment. All those
who have produced pictures adminis-
trative of vice, come to judgment. No
one will then dare say, "I knew it was
not true, and I only intended it for a
joke," or "I had to make my living,
and the paper that I worked for paid
me in proportion to the startling nature
of the stuff I prepared," or "I correct-
ed the falsehood in the next issue," or,
"I felt my power in the editorial chair,
having opportunity to address such mul-
titudes week by week, and I wanted to
keep the church and the world in awe
of me." On that great day of judgment
all the power we have had on earth
will be insignificant compared with the
power that will pronounce our rap-
ture or our doom, and that which might
have been considered a joke in the
"composing room," because it humili-
ated an enemy, will be no joke at all
amid the wreck of mountains and seas,
and the inkhorn will there tell of all
we wrote anonymously and under the
impersonality of a newspaper, as well as
that which was signed with our own
name. But what a beautiful day for a
Frances Havergal, when she gets re-
warded for all the kind things she ever
wrote with the tears of her invalidism;
or when the authors and authoresses of
all lands and ages are told how many
came to heaven through their instru-
mentalities, and for all those who use
the influence of the press to correct the
errors and extirpate the wrongs and
break the serfdom of mankind!

Letter of Kindness.

Then the inkhorn by the side of the
angel of the new covenant will speak
out and tell of what it had to do with
all letters of kindness written, with all
encantation proclamations, with all
editorial and reportorial eulogies of the
good, with all the messages of salvation
to a lost world. Better in that day
it be to have set up the Christian
threads two or three months hence were
we put them down today, it would be
a failure. The pretty gossamer thing
which we have woven would break.
No, Dan, I am going to say "Goodby,"
and—hope we shall not meet again."
"Is there no other way?"
He lowered his voice and looked
down—down into her eyes. His own
were puzzled and unhappy, and he held
his breath for her answer. He scarcely
knew what he hoped it would be.
"I don't think so."

He turned away with a sigh in which
many conflicting emotions were blended
and watched the little waves rippling
over the beach. She crossed over to the
pier glass and straightened her hat and
veil.
A dry drove up to the door and the
driver got down and rang the bell.
"Goodby," she said, holding out her
hand.

He came from the window and held
her hand in a close grasp.
"Are you quite sure, Barbara?"
Her hand was on the door now, but
she turned round as he spoke.
"Are you?" she asked.
"I don't know."
"Neither do I."
"We have been very happy together."
"Yes—for four weeks."
"Then why not for always? Shall we
risk it, Barbara?"
"No. It is too great."
"Then it must be goodbye?"
"Yes, goodbye."
He opened the door for her and she
passed out, without looking back, down
the steps and into the waiting vehicle.
The driver mounted the box and drove
off.

She turned and waved her farewell
to the man, standing on the steps. There
was a lump in her throat and just a
suspicion of tears in the corners of her
bright eyes. Moreover, she settled her
self very quietly in the corner of the
railway carriage and did not turn a page
of the books and magazines with which
she had provided herself. At Euston she
betook herself hastily to the telegraph
office, wrote out a telegram, read it over
several times and then tore it up. She
did not rewrite it.

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